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That led thee ever onward; thou to whom  
 God's voice, heard o'er men's strident tones, didst say  
 That, waiting, lay  
 New worlds, which thou shouldst call from shadowing gloom—

Behold thy gift unto a lovéd world:  
 A land brim-filled with goodly herds, and green,  
 Rich pastures' sheen,  
 And smoke of myriad cities, upward curled,

Bespeaking wealth and might; a land wherein  
 Of every clime, the bruised and oppressed  
 May find them rest,  
 And heal their souls of weariness and sin.

Yea, thou to man hast giv'n all this, and one  
 Still greater boon; for e'en in chains, which hate  
 Didst make thy fate,  
 And leering envy of thy task well done,

Thou callest still, and ages hear thy voice  
 Triumphant, "Up! There is no task too great  
 For thine estate!"  
 And toiling hearts and weary souls rejoice:

"Man's work need not be held to this earth-clod;  
 Nay, e'en the stars set no bounds for thy soul;  
 Ever thy goal  
 Lies farther on; there is no end but God."

RUTH CARVER

LOUISVILLE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL (PUPIL)

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#### ENGLISH IN SCHOOL

Each day doth bring us joy and pride anew  
 As we our language mold to finer grace,  
 And fit it to our life's each use and place  
 To send our thought forth beautiful and true;  
 Reading the masters even through and through,  
 Speaking to friends with joyous lighting face,  
 Writing for those who will our words retrace—  
 Fair English tongue, this do we gain from you.

A glorious heritage of words is ours today:  
Angles and Saxons, Celts, and Norman French,  
All left us gifts to suit our purpose well;  
As the high symbols in our flag's display,  
As our soul's courage which may never blench,  
So let us guard our speech, life's truth to tell.

JANE HUFFORD

HIGH SCHOOL  
PERTH AMBOY, N.J.